

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

ELECTION SNAPSHOTS OF MEMBERS AT WORK.



(1) Mr. Will Crooks addressing a meeting of his constituents at Woolwich yesterday during the dinner-hour. (2) Mr. John Burns, in familiar bowler-hat and with open coat, defying the damp, raw cold, leaving yesterday's Cabinet meeting with Mr. Haldane, the Secretary of State for War, who, wearing a tall hat, is wrapped up in a heavy fur

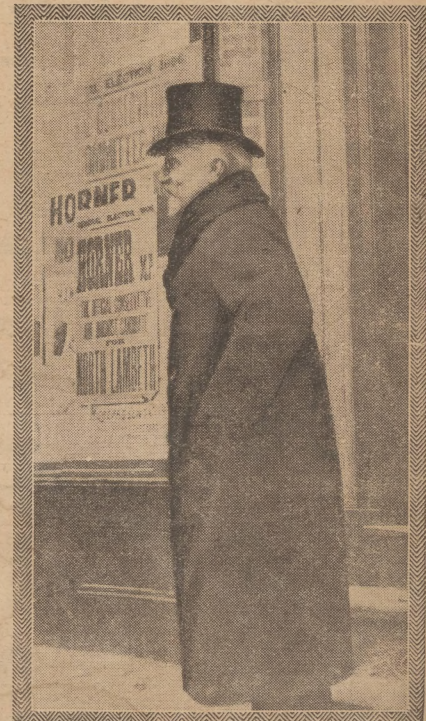
coat. (3) Mr. J. Morley, Secretary for India (on the right), and Mr. Bryce, Chief Secretary for Ireland (on the left), after yesterday's Cabinet meeting, where the details of the Government election campaign were finally decided upon. This will be the last occasion when the Premier will meet his colleagues before the dissolution.

LADIES LEARNING TO PLAY CRICKET.



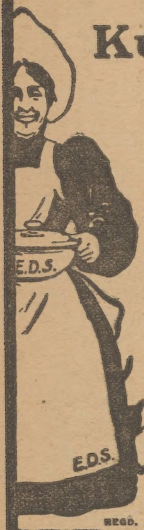
At the Hampstead Baths in the Finchley-road a capital cricket pitch has been laid out, on which ladies are allowed to play. County champions are engaged to teach ladies the mysteries of England's national summer game. (1) Shows Jack Hearne, of Middlesex, bowling to Wall; (2) ladies being instructed by G. Burton, of Middlesex, how to hold a bat; (3) a game by a team of feminine enthusiasts.

NORTH LAMBETH'S PRESENT MEMBER.



Mr. Fred Horner, undismayed by the bitterest opposition, again seeks the support of North Lambeth. He is seen outside his committee-room, on the window of which is a poster describing him as the official Conservative and Unionist candidate.

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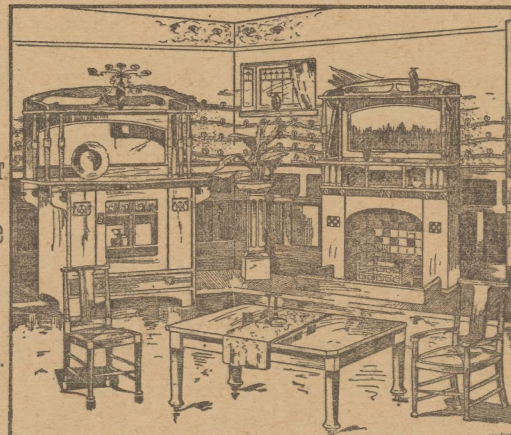
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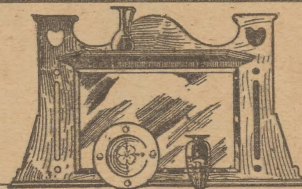
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FIERCEST FIGHT FOR 20 YEARS.

Plethora of Liberal Candidates for the Election.

ASSAULT ON LONDON.

Attacks To Be Made on All Conservative Strongholds.

The forthcoming general election, according to the complete list of candidates issued last night, promises to be the most severe for twenty years.

Every London seat, including such Unionist strongholds as the Strand, Westminster, South Kensington, and St. George's, Hanover-square, is to be contested.

As the boroughs and borough divisions in England, with the exception of Carlisle and Hartlepool, have opposing candidates, and the same may be said of all the boroughs in Wales and Scotland.

At the last election, in 1900, a large number of Unionist county members were returned unopposed.

The conditions are now reversed, for unless candidates are chosen during the next few days a much larger number of Liberals will be returned unopposed than Conservatives.

The coalition between Liberalism and Labour has become an important factor, for Labour candidates have been accepted by the Liberals in no fewer than forty-three constituencies.

On personal grounds there is a Liberal split in South Hackney, and a Unionist split in the Isle of Thanet; whilst there is a three-cornered fight at Birkenhead.

Altogether it is, perhaps, one of the most interesting general elections ever fought.

THE JOCLAR POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, the new Postmaster-General, last night addressed a meeting at Junction-road, N. "Throughout the whole of the fiscal discussion," he said, "Mr. Balfour referred his supporters from one speech to another—(laughter)—from a half-sheet of notepaper to an envelope—(laughter)—and backwards and forwards."

That address was followed by an announcement—he supposed an advertisement for the publishers—that the fiscal speeches of Mr. Balfour bound up in a volume could be obtained for one shilling. (Loud laughter.)

"It seems to savour," he remarked, "of a canny Scot who would not give his view for nothing."

Mr. Balfour's position on the fiscal question reminded him of the story of the blind man in the dark room looking for a black hat which was not there. (Laughter.)

The prominent Mr. Balfour had given to Home Rule in his address was nothing but a red herring across the trail.

The question of Home Rule—he had been a life-long Home Ruler—was not a practical question at this election.

He did not know whether Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain would lead the way on the fiscal issue, "but I put my money," added Mr. Buxton, "on Mr. Chamberlain."

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S CHALLENGE

"I challenge any tariff reformer," said Mr. Lloyd-George, the President of the Board of Trade, at Fulham last night, "to name any country charging a tariff which pays as high wages as are paid in England, where hours of labour are as short, where food is as cheap, where raiment is as cheap, where rent is as low, as in this miserable free trade country of ours."

Answering the question, "How to govern the Empire," Mr. Lloyd-George said each integral part should look after its own particular sphere, and then combine to look after the Empire as a whole. It was because Canada looked after Canada that she was prosperous, and it was because Australia looked after Australia that she was prosperous also.

"THE DUTY OF WELSHMEN."

Sir Alfred Thomas, leader of the Welsh parliamentary members, addressing a meeting last night at Bangor, remarked that he was glad to find that religious equality was to be almost foremost in the Liberal programme. This, Welshmen must strongly insist upon, and there was no doubt that their brilliant leader, Mr. Lloyd-George, would see that the Government did its duty in this matter.

"CHICANERY AND TRICKERY."

"To allow Lord Hugh Cecil to be ousted from public life by chicanery and trickery," said Lord George Hamilton at Blackheath last night, "would be a disgrace and dishonour to Greenwich."

MR. CHURCHILL'S HARD WORDS.

Fierce Attack on Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.

SACRIFICE OF FRIENDS.

Mr. Winston Churchill made a most bitter attack on Mr. Balfour, his former leader, and Mr. Chamberlain in opening his political campaign in North-West Manchester last night.

Alluding to the treatment meted out to Lord Hugh Cecil, he said, for the crime of not having changed his principles at Mr. Chamberlain's dictation, Lord Hugh was to be excluded from Parliament, not by the fair vote of a majority of the electors, but by the brutal dodge of running a protectionist candidate to split the Tory vote, and so giving the seat to the Liberal Party. He invited them to condemn Mr. Chamberlain's action, even though the Liberal Party would gain a seat thereby.

When he (Mr. Churchill) recalled the fact that it was the late Lord Salisbury who first gave Mr. Chamberlain's own son office he thought the right hon. gentleman was playing a poor part in striking down the son of his former leader, and of the benefactor of his own political heir. (Cheers.) It was a pity that the fear of a sharp tongue and nimble brain should betray a great man into an ungenerous action.

There was no action in Mr. Chamberlain's long and romantic political career which would give his biographer greater cause to blush.

NIMBLE PARTY MANŒUVRES.

As to Mr. Balfour, what could they think of his conduct in this matter? Though in practical agreement with Lord Hugh, he would not lift a finger to help his brilliant kinsman.

The honour of leading a great party was no doubt a worthy object of desire, but some would think it might be too dearly purchased if it involved not merely the suppression of conviction but the cold-blooded sacrifice of friends.

Was Mr. Balfour once more to be invited to resume his nimble party manœuvres. Should Mr. Gerald Balfour address himself anew to his jerry-mandering Redistribution Bill?

Should the firm hand and the firm head of Mr. Walter Long once again be devoted to the solution of the Irish question?

Should Mr. Brodick resume his dispute with Lord Curzon?

Should Mr. Arnold-Forster carry a step further forward his marvellous plans for the improvement of the Army and the encouragement of the Volunteers, which had already added so much to the gaiety of nations? Should they accept these men as the only leaders to be found in the population of four millions?

Or should they turn to old principles and new men?

HOSTILE TO CHINESE LABOUR.

Chester Meeting's Stormy Reception of a Speaker Who Defended Coolie Labour.

A defence of Chinese labour on the Rand, made by Colonel Weston Jarvis at a meeting of the Imperial South African Association at Chester last night, was received most uproariously.

The Duke of Westminster, who presided, was unable to save the speaker from constant interruption, and the meeting developed into one of the wildest ever held in Chester.

Speaking at North Bristol Mr. Birrell, the Minister of Education, referred to the same topic, saying that the difficulty of breaking the three years' agreement was that the damages for the breach of contract would be so large that the country would not pay it. Chinese who wished to return to their country should, however, be sent back whatever the cost.

THE KING VISITS MATLOCK.

His Majesty Pays a Surprise Visit to the Beautiful Derbyshire Health Resort.

King Edward was to have had a day's shooting at Chatsworth yesterday, but heavy rain prevented this plan being carried out.

As an alternative His Majesty went for a motor ride, and paid his first visit to that beautiful Derbyshire resort, Matlock Bath. The King, who was greatly charmed with the natural beauties of the place, received a most enthusiastic welcome from the inhabitants.

CASTRO'S "SNUB" TO FRANCE.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—Carrasco advises that President Castro ignored M. Taigny, the French Charge d'Affaires, at the New Year, and did not invite him to the reception at which he received the congratulations of the other diplomats.—Reuter.

SIR GEORGE GIBB.

Railway Magnate Chosen To Succeed Mr. Yerkes in London.

Sir George Gibb, who has been general manager of the North-Eastern Railway, has resigned that position, and will in future take a leading part in the control of the late Mr. Yerkes's great London railway schemes.

Sir George is a leading authority on railway matters. He started life in a shipowner's office, and became a solicitor. His first association with railways took place when he entered the solicitors' office of the Great Western Railway. He left this system to become solicitor to the North-Eastern Railway, and, after nine years in this position, he rose to the management.

He was an arbitrator for the company in Wages Arbitration, and acted as member of the Commission on War Office Reorganisation and London Traffic.

His latest appointment was determined yesterday at the meeting of the directors of the District and Metropolitan Railways.

It was then decided that he should be chairman of the latter company. Mr. Edgar Speyer, the



SIR GEORGE GIBB.

head of Speyer Brothers, bankers, was elected chairman of the District, with Sir George as vice-chairman.

After the meeting the *Daily Mirror* learnt from a member of the board that the policy outlined by Mr. Yerkes will be carried out unchanged.

"This work," he said, "of providing London with better means of transportation was the greatest ambition of Mr. Yerkes's life, and we are exceedingly regret that he did not live to see the completion of his great scheme."

MR. YERKES'S MILLIONS.

Ample Provision for Widow and Children After Huge Munificent Bequests.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The will of the late Mr. Yerkes, disposing of between £2,500,000 and £3,000,000 of property, ultimately gives to New York the residuary, comprising nearly the whole estate, for a hospital in the Bronx section of the city.

The houses, with their contents, also go to New York for an art museum. The widow and children receive the income from the estate for life.—Reuter.

The "New York Herald," Paris, says it is understood that the estate is worth more than £4,000,000, and adds that the widows, who become an eccentric, receive £500,000, and the son and daughter £300,000 each, without reference to life interest.

BEAUCAIRE'S SUCCESSOR.

Mr. Lewis Waller's Triumph in a Strong and Daring Viennese Play.

Mr. Lewis Waller found, at the Imperial Theatre last night, what he has been seeking for months—a successor to "Monsieur Beaucaire." The thunderous applause which followed the fall of the curtain upon "The Harlequin King" was proof enough of that.

Because of its daring references to kings and statesmen, "The Harlequin King" was frowned upon by Court officials in Vienna, the home of Mr. Rudolph Lothar, who is the editor of the "Neue Freie Presse." The Kaiser, it is said, refused to sanction its performance in Germany for a similar reason. In France, however, it won its author the Legion of Honour.

In London it is bound to make money; if only for the admirable parts it has found for Mr. Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard.

LORD KITCHENER'S ROYAL GUESTS.

CALCUTTA, Wednesday.—A large and successful garden-party, in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was given to-day at Government House.

In the evening their Royal Highnesses dined with Lord Kitchener.—Reuter.

RUSSIA ASKED TO EXPLAIN.

Admiral Rojestvensky Libels the British Fleet.

OFFICIAL PROTEST.

The "Novoe Vremya" yesterday published an extraordinary statement made by Admiral Rojestvensky with regard to the battle of Tsushima.

The Admiral states that the British squadron at Wei-hai-wei had orders to attack the Russian fleet in the event of the defeat of the Japanese.

The importance of the paper which publishes this statement—for the "Novoe Vremya" is regarded as a semi-official organ—has forced his Majesty's representative at St. Petersburg to take action.

The British Embassy has therefore asked from Count Lamsdorff an explanation of the Russian Admiral's reckless statement.

RED SUNDAY AT HAND.

The anniversary of Red Sunday—January 22—is now at hand, and the workmen's delegates are preparing to observe it as a day of mourning.

They have decided, says Reuter, to close all booths, shops, factories, and theatres, to stop the tram and railway services, and to declare a two-days' political strike.

An immense pile (funeral service) and demonstrations in different parts of the city, will be organised.

For a fortnight all communication with the Caucasus has been suspended, and the report is now credited in St. Petersburg that the whole district is in the hands of rebels.

THREATENED PEACE OF EUROPE.

General Anxiety and Widespread Suspicion Caused by the Attitude of Germany.

Despite reassurances from various high diplomatic quarters on the Continent a war cloud, according to yesterday's messages from all parts, still looms over Europe, and there can be no doubt that Germany is the object of general suspicion.

A significant dispatch has been received from the Berlin correspondent of the "Echo de Paris," stating that the German Government deems it inadvisable to publish the speech delivered by the Emperor William to the generals at the arsenal in Berlin on New Year's Day.

Grave issues are dependent upon the Moroccan Conference at Algiers. Spain is evidently anxious, and a message from Madrid says she regards the idea of allotting influence on the ocean littoral to Germany with much distaste. Spain will insist on the entente cordiale with France and Great Britain.

FISHING NETS USED AS FUEL.

Desperate Straits of a Trawler's Crew Before the Harbour was Reached.

Scarborough lifeboatmen, who have been kept busy during the last few days, had their most arduous experience yesterday, when they assisted two fishing vessels to gain the harbour.

In one, the large steam trawler Sea King, which received two pilots from the lifeboat, the crew had spent several exciting days.

Fighting their way slowly through the heavy seas, they burned their last piece of coal off Whitby during the night. They then used old nets as fuel, barrels afterwards, and, by the time they were off Scarborough, they had consumed every article which could be suggested for use as fuel.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

General Gorloff, formerly Russian Military Attaché in London, died yesterday at San Remo.

Ten immigrants temporarily detained at Dover yesterday under the Aliens Act included several bandmen connected with a London theatre, the comed-player angrily offering some resistance to the officials.

It is known in Berlin that the rising against the Germans in South Cameroon is serious. Nine important tribes, with 10,000 warriors, are in the field, devastating a district as large as Saxony. The lives of all German settlers are in imminent danger.—Laffan.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Southerly and south-easterly winds, moderate to strong; misty, with rain at times; variable temperature; finally colder.

Lighting-up time, 5.3 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough.

MR. FRED HORNER'S BEST FRIEND.

"We Are Going To Be Elected,"
Says Mrs. Horner.

A "CUCKOO CANDIDATE."

Undismayed by countless irritations and numerous difficulties, the indomitable Mr. Fred Horner, gallantly supported by Mrs. Horner, calmly pursues his candidature for North Lambeth.

In the midst of their uphill fight for victory Mr. and Mrs. Horner gave the *Daily Mirror* a few minutes yesterday.

"Is there any truth in the report circulated that you will get out of the fight?" asked the *Daily Mirror*.

"No, I am not going to drop out. These reports are all lies," he replied.

"We are in the fight, and we are going to be elected," interpolated Mrs. Horner, who talked excitedly in French to her husband.

"Remember what L.C.C. stands for," said Mrs. Horner, referring to the opposing Conservative candidate, who is backed by some L.C.C. members.

"L.C.C. stands for 'London Cuckoo Candidate.'"

A Fight for the Conservative Club.

Mrs. Horner is a brave and devoted wife. "Don't believe all you hear about Mr. Horner from his enemies," she pleaded.

To all appearances there is a factional fight in Lambeth for control of the Conservative Club.

Some of the trustees have withdrawn their support, and have left Mr. Horner, who is president, to pay the rent. The trustees also are liable, but, as one trustee said to the *Daily Mirror*, "Mr. Horner can sue for it."

By forcing Mr. Horner to carry all the burdens of the club, it is stated, they may force him out on account of the expense, and in that case have the path clear to re-establish themselves.

It is only fair to Mr. Horner to say that some of the men augmenting the present trouble are men practically forced out of the club by the North Lambeth M.P.

The club, founded by Mr. Horner, was deserted yesterday. The fighting candidate had been there until ten o'clock on Tuesday night, but when the *Daily Mirror* called the only person to be seen was a barmaid.

PICKPOCKETS AT POLITICAL MEETINGS.

The band of dissentients who broke up the meeting in support of the candidature of Sir Henry Burdett, K.C.B., in North Paddington evidently included a party of pickpockets.

In the confusion which followed the storming of the platform two of the reporters present lost their purses with the contents. In one case the purse was taken from the reporter's hip-pocket, and the other was abstracted from the side-pocket of the trousers. It is also stated that a third person present at the meeting was robbed of £2 10s.

"A political meeting is the best opportunity the London pickpocket can have," said an experienced detective officer to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "especially if it is at all a rowdy one."

"When people are excited they don't think of their pockets, or of anything else, but how to express their feelings and make as much noise as they can. Pocket-picking has declined a good deal of late years, principally because rich people don't wear so many valuable articles as they used to, and because purses have gone out of fashion."

"It was much easier to steal a purse than it is to pick a man's pocket of loose coin."

POLITICAL FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The Cabinet met yesterday.

Lord Rosebery is staying at Mentmore until the meeting of Parliament.

Mr. Chaupon, the Paymaster-General, is conducting a shop-to-shop canvass in West Southwark.

Lady Wimborne has been speaking for her son, Mr. Ivor Guest, the Liberal candidate, at Cardiff.

Considerable delay is taking place in the delivery of letters on account of the quantity of election literature distributed through the post.

Mr. Macpherson, Labour candidate at Preston, has been voted £600 for election expenses, and if returned is to have a salary of £200 a year.

The Countess of Warwick has promised to address at least one meeting for nearly every candidate on the list of the Social Democratic Federation.

Mr. Chaplain proposes to make his tour of the Stenford Division by motor-car, and his two daughters, Viscountess Castlereagh and Miss Chaplain, will assist him in the election.

It is significant that the Irish Nationalist vote is to be given in support of the candidature of Mr. Haldane, the new War Minister, who has hitherto been one of Lord Rosebery's leading supporters.

PLAYS MADE IN GERMANY

"Mein Herr" Ready To "Furnish" Any
Production at Six Weeks' Notice.

The task of the theatrical manager responsible for the production of a new London play has been reduced to a minimum.

He has to do little more than send a telegram to Germany. Not long afterwards his scenery, costumes, and properties, all suited to the period of the play, arrive "by parcels post."

"The Jury of Fate," which was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Tuesday night, was one of the first plays mounted in this way. The management were saved endless trouble and considerable expense.

Formerly a manager had to order his leading lady's dresses from one firm, his gentleman's costumes from another, each scene by a different artist, wigs by this maker, boots by that, pianos from here, walking-sticks from there.

Now, all the endless bother and trouble which the old style involved is past.

The manager can deal with one man only, say what he wants, and behold, a few weeks later, scenery, dresses, wigs, and everything arrive in one batch.

Messrs. Hugo Baruch and Co., the Berlin firm of theatrical property artists, who are now engaged in staging several forthcoming London productions, were seen yesterday by the *Daily Mirror*.

They can produce from their own factories every single property necessary for the staging of a play, and, on emergency, can do the whole thing in six weeks. "The scenery and costumes of a big piece," said their English representative yesterday, "can be produced, complete in every detail, for about £3,500."

"The properties we have made for 'The Jury of Fate' are perfect in their imitation of nature. The old idea was to make a tree, for instance, in profile only, but we make a complete tree, as natural behind as in front."

"The latest scenery is no longer a painted piece of canvas, but each detail of the thing we wish to represent is accurately modelled in papier-mâché, from nature. This plastic work, as it is called, is quite a new feature."

BLITHE CENTENARIAN'S HINT.

"Do Not Magnify Troubles," Says "An Old Woman
Who Knows" To Readers.

Even on so gloomy a day as yesterday, Mrs. Sarah French, of Paul-street, Finsbury, who has entered her 103rd year, was spreading cheerfulness around.

"I was born with the new year in 1804, and I've enjoyed every new year—and the days in between since," she said when wished "Many Happy Returns."

"I've never had any illness in my life, and never a trouble that didn't turn out to be less than it first looked—tell your young readers that from an old woman who knows."

"Call no woman an old maid until she is dead," she says, and relates how she was a spinster until she was fifty, and then married "a bright young silversmith," and enjoyed forty years of wedded bliss until he died "at the early age of seventy something."

IGNORANT OFFICE BOYS.

Significant Illustration of the Shortcomings of
Elementary Education.

Some of the difficulties of administering the Education Act were feelingly described at a meeting of the Association of Directors and Secretaries of Education in London yesterday.

At least five chief county officials, said Mr. F. W. Crook, secretary of the Kent Committee, had broken down in health while bringing the Act into operation.

As showing that elementary education was not in a satisfactory state, he said that of twelve selected candidates for the appointment of "junior clerk" in a City house only four gave a correct answer to the question, "What would be the cost of 117 articles at 28s. 6d. each," and only two answers were arrived at in a rational way.

COMPOSER-MOTORIST FINED.

Sir Hubert Parry, the well-known composer, of Kensington-square, Kensington, was fined £5 and costs yesterday at Edgware for driving a motor-car beyond the speed limit.

PAUPER KILLED BY KINDNESS.

At a meeting of the Fylde (Lancs) Guardians yesterday Miss Johnson remarked that, in a way, she was pleased to say one old man in the work-house had died of eating plum-pudding in excess on Christmas Day, because she had never heard before of guardians killing anybody in that way.

ROYAL SNAPSHOTS.

Unique Collection of the Work of
Queen Alexandra.

ARTISTIC PICTURES.

There is now on view in London a unique collection of enlargements from photographs taken by members of the Royal Family.

For the first time the Kodak Company has been able to arrange at its gallery in Oxford-street an exhibition comprised exclusively of the work of royal photographers, and the general public is offered a rare opportunity of seeing what artistic pictures Queen Alexandra and other members of the Royal Family secure with their cameras.

Of the sixty-five photographs exhibited twenty-four were taken by Her Majesty, the remainder being the work of Princess Victoria, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Ena of Battenberg, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Prince Leopold of Battenberg, and H.R.H. the Duke of Orleans.

Her Majesty's Collection.

The Queen's photographs, which occupy one wall of the gallery, form an extremely interesting collection, and they are all wonderfully good. It is not only because they represent Her Majesty's own work that they are interesting. This little collection of twenty-four, selected almost at random by the manager of the Kodak Company's Oxford-street branch from the various negatives placed at his disposal by the Queen, is for the most part a record of Her Majesty's travels, and about seventeen of them were taken during her Scottish sojourn of the royal tour of last year.

The Queen, who still uses the same kind of camera with which she started photography sixteen years ago, although she has four of five others, is an ardent and skilful photographer, and is constantly using her camera wherever she may be.

All these photographs of hers show very well; she has a wonderful eye for cloud and atmospheric effects, and a keen appreciation of values.

Cloud Effects.

"Gathering Storm Clouds," a photograph taken from the bows of the royal yacht—the tail-end of the wake just appears in the foreground—is an excellent photo of a dark, lowering mass of cloud over the sea.

"Evening in the Highlands" shows a curious cloud effect on a Scotch loch. "A Royal Fishing Party" may be mentioned among other good effects; in the stern of the boat is Princess Victoria.

The remaining photographs taken by the Queen include one showing Princess Edward and Henry of Wales and Princess Mary of Wales in the grounds at Sandringham, an excellent photograph of a crowd outside the royal palace, Copenhagen, on the birthday of the King of Denmark, and a most interesting one showing the King talking to Lord Suflund in the garden of Marlborough House.

Nine photographs by Princess Victoria include some excellent cloud and light effects, a sunrise in the Mediterranean being one of the best.

CLUB SERVANT DEFIES MEMBERS.

Stewards Keeps the Chain on the Door and
Admits Only "A Few Choice Friends."

Since the appointment of new officials and a committee at the Munster Working Men's Club, Fulham, about a month ago, there has been a curious deadlock.

According to a solicitor, who applied on behalf of the committee at the West London Police Court yesterday for a summons against the stewardess for withholding the club's property, the woman had refused to allow any one to enter the club "excepting a few choice friends," and to deliver up the furniture, books, liquors, etc. She was the freeholder of the club.

The Magistrate: Has she been discharged?—Solicitor: Well, she can't be seen. She keeps the chain on the door.

A summons was granted.

BERLIN AND LONDON EXCHANGE GREETINGS.

BERLIN, Wednesday.—The morning papers state that, replying to cordial New Year's greetings from the Lord Mayor and City of London, the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin said he cordially returned the friendly wishes, rejoicing in the hope that the amity between the British and German peoples would become closer.—Reuter.

A B C ELECTION GUIDE.

The "Daily Mail" A B C Election Guide, price threepence, to be obtained of all booksellers, is practically a small reference library for all matters pertaining to the election.

With interesting notes on constituencies and candidates, it contains full information with regard to election procedure. Orders may be sent direct to the Publisher, 2, Carnarvon House, London, an extra penny stamp being enclosed to cover cost of postage.

£6,000,000 IN FINES.

Effectual Bar to Suggested Emigration of
Unemployed to Virginia.

It seemed as though London's unemployed problem had been solved "from the skies" yesterday, when a Reuter telegram from Richmond, U.S.A., stated that the British Vice-Consul had conferred with the Commissioner for Agriculture regarding the latter's proposal to the Lord Mayor of London that 30,000 of the London poor should be established on Virginian farms.

It does not seem, however, that the promise of an immediate solution is any nearer than it was. The *Daily Mirror* was told at the Mansion House that the Lord Mayor had heard nothing of the scheme.

"We certainly have heard of a request for workmen from Virginia," said an official of the Queen's Unemployed Fund, "but we have heard nothing of 30,000 of London's poor being shipped across the Atlantic. We are surprised that a simple request for labourers has suddenly developed into a scheme of such wide proportions."

The suggestion that British labourers should be sent to the States is strongly disapproved by Mr. Rider Haggard, the novelist, who telegraphed the following reply to the *Daily Mirror* last night:—

Prefer our own people should remain under our own flag—British Empire is wide.—Rider Haggard.

Even should the scheme take shape, the immigration laws of the United States present an insurmountable barrier.

For every "alien" who lands in the United States under contract, the person who held out the inducements which brought him there is liable to the fine of £200, which may be sued for by the United States or by the imported alien himself! Thus, should the 30,000 unemployed take advantage of the offer of the State Commissioner, that gentleman would be liable to an aggregate fine of £6,000,000 sterling.

TO THE NORTH POLE BY AIRSHIP.

M. Santos-Dumont Prepared To Make the Attempt
on Satisfactory Terms.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—M. Santos-Dumont, who is staying here, was interviewed this morning as to the probability of his voyaging to the North Pole in an airship.

"Nothing whatever," he said, "has been settled, and I do not even know whether anything is likely to come of the proposal."

"An American, Mr. Walter Wellman, correspondent of the 'Record Herald,' of Chicago, wrote to me, as well as to M. Lebaudy and M. Deutsch, to ask us whether we thought it possible to reach the North Pole in an airship or navigable balloon."

"My reply was that it was not possible. I pointed out that it was necessary to construct a very large and comfortable balloon or airship, shaped like the one that I have built. The envelope of this airship or balloon would require two cubes of 8,000 or 700 yards."

"I would certainly agree to attempt the journey to the North Pole if a firm offer were made to me, but so far I have been merely asked for information."

STORY OF DESERTION.

Non-Commissioned Officer Who Was Army Stores
Witness Tried by Court Martial.

A court-martial held at Chelsea yesterday excited considerable interest as having a bearing on the revelations made before the Royal Commission on War Stores.

The charge was one of desertion, and the accused was Staff-sergeant C. M. Hilton, who was ordered home from South Africa to give evidence.

He was arrested at Queenstown on the tender Ireland, which was proceeding to the White Star liner Celtic, about to leave for America, and in his possession was found a second-class ticket in the name of Ernest Heydt.

Hilton pleaded not guilty. He stated in evidence that, seeing a notice in a London paper that the Royal Commission had adjourned their sittings until January 16, he thought there would be no harm in his taking the opportunity of the time offered to visit New York.

The president stated that sentence would be reserved for consideration by the officer commanding the district.

"SONG—LORD ALVERSTONE."

The Lord Chief Justice attended a meeting of the Falcon Lodge of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes at Shanklin yesterday, and contributed to the harmony by singing "Hearts of Oak."

His Lordship was presented with a prime's jewel and made a knight of the order.

FASTEST GAME IN THE WORLD.

Pelota, the Spanish National Pastime, Introduced to London.

PLAYERS BIG EARNINGS.

A ball, a wall, and that curious basket-racquet, and you have the nucleus of pelota, the fastest game and one of the best sports in the world.

Pelota may be called with justice the national game of the Basque provinces of Spain; and six players of recognised champion class will perform to-day at Olympia, this being the first time the game has ever been played in public in England.

Yesterday the men were at practice, and their accuracy in slinging the ball from the basket, or chistera, as it is called, was simply marvellous. Playing three a side, it looks a most dangerous game to the novice, who cannot tell within fifty yards where a ball will swing and land; and while these old hands can put the ball correctly to within a few inches.

As Famous as "W. G."

The players themselves, got up in white "ducks" and shirts, with red and blue scarves to mark the different sides, are sufficiently picturesque and interesting; but as men they are far more interesting still. The champions at pelota are as well known over in the north of Spain as W. G. Grace is in cricket circles, or G. O. Smith and Bloomer among football enthusiasts.

When foreigners take up or invent a game they are notoriously "dead keen," and the small boy in Spain, instead of indulging in dreidrems of being a clown in a circus or a railway guard, puts the hope of being a champion pelota player at the summit of his ambitions.

Quite children, laughing and talking constantly, with the irrepressible spirits of boys of ten, these men are utterly independent, and impossible to drive, and they recognise no authority save "the manager"—that important person who generally rules his proteges with a rod of iron. For why should they care? They can never be long out of work until they are past their prime.

Costly To Play.

In the meantime they earn from £80 to £100 a month, and it is not very easy to starve on it. The morning after "pay-day" they are often to be found not only penniless, but owing their next month's pay, but they are confirmed gamblers as a class, though, naturally, there are exceptions. It is no cheap game, this Pelota, because of the balls. These resemble a fives ball, but they are bigger and have more natural spring; in fact, they jump rather like a rubber-covered golf-ball. They cost 10s. apiece, and two or three will be needed for every game at Olympia, as the front wall is rough, and the terrific pace at which the ball is hurled cuts the outer cover to pieces.

As to how the game is played. Like racquets, service is the right of the side which won the last rally; and only the "service side" can score a point. The game is played against a wall, and the ball must fall within the court, which is seventy yards long and eighteen yards wide. The game is fifty points up.

RICH MINE BOUGHT BY CHANCE.

Cornish Shooting Property Unexpectedly Yields Remarkable Supplies of Tin.

The story of the romantic discovery of a rich tin lode in West Cornwall is told by the "Western Morning News."

About the middle of last year Mr. W. Midkiff, of Gwinear, bought at auction for the purpose of sport about eight acres of waste land on moors close to his residence. In October he started digging to obtain water for his cattle, and came across rich traces of tin only a foot from the surface. Digging in other parts of the moors were satisfactory, and after acquiring the mineral rights of the property, he started operations. The course is expected to be sixty feet through, and produces from 250lb. to 500lb. of black tin per ton of stuff.

"LIVED ON THE BANKS OF THE LEA."

It was said at yesterday's inquest at Hackney on Charles Cliban, an elderly bargeman, who died from exposure, that he could earn about 25s. a week.

Instead of regular work, however, he preferred a Bohemian life, and, in the words of his brother, "lived on the banks of the Lea for twenty-five years."

BAPTISED IN THE SEA AT BRIGHTON.

Two women and a man were publicly baptised in the sea at Brighton, near the Palace Pier, yesterday, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Mulgrave, a gentleman of colour well known in the town.

"A KING'S MESSENGER."

Hastened to His Wedding in London Yesterday Through the Russian Terror.

One of the King's messengers, Mr. Francis E. Raikes, was married yesterday to Miss Iris Sopwith.

The wedding was the culmination of a thrilling romance. Mr. Raikes's occupation is one fraught with danger, and to be in time for the wedding the bridegroom has faced not only revolutionary bombs in Russia, but has passed through fire and blood to be home.

Three weeks ago he had to carry messages from the British Embassy in St. Petersburg to the Tsar. The railway and the port at the time were in the hands of the revolutionary party, but he contrived to deliver his dispatches. Twice he was nearly captured.

Mr. Raikes is the son of the late Right Honourable H. C. Raikes, V.C., D.L., J.P., M.P., formerly Postmaster-General. He is one of the two senior King's foreign service messengers, drawing £300 a year, and £1 a day when on duty. This service is under the Foreign Office, and nominations from the Secretary of State must have the approval of the Sovereign before appointment.

The wedding took place in the afternoon at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street. A large and fashionable gathering attended. The bride, who is the daughter of Mrs. Sopwith, of 83, Cadogan-gardens, was given away by her brother. Her two sisters acted as bridesmaids.

ECHO OF THE FENIAN TERROR.

Covent Garden Hostelry Once the English Headquarters of Irish Dynamitards.

Suggestions of the old days of Fenianism lurked behind the apparently prosaic change heard at Bow-street yesterday against Patrick Lacey, of wounding Jeremiah Daly.

Lacey: He has known me since I was a child, when my mother and I first came from Ireland. He and I were both enrolled in the Fenian Brotherhood.

"Mr. — used to keep a public-house in this (Covent Garden) neighbourhood, which was the headquarters of the Fenian Brotherhood. Now that the old house has been pulled down the secret has come out, and Chief-Inspector Arrows, of Scotland Yard, knows all about it.

"This man once stood in my way, and I had to take a man's life to save myself."

Daly denied that he had ever been enrolled in the Fenian Brotherhood.

Lacey was remanded, and will be medically examined.

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT.

"Lover," Who Agreed To Die with Sweetheart, Whines To Be Saved Instead of Her.

A despicable chapter of a somewhat sordid romance was narrated before the Hackney coroner yesterday, when the jury returned the unusual verdict of Felo-de-se regarding the death of William Edward Bussell.

Bussell was a married man, who conceived an affection for a girl named Emma Abbott.

Together they went to a coffee-house in Boleyn-road, Hackney, and took poison together, Bussell leaving a gushing letter to the effect that he was glad to die with the only girl he loved.

The girl died shortly afterwards, but Bussell lingered on for several days.

A sidelight on his "passion" for the girl was supplied by the coffee-house keeper, who said Bussell sent for him and said that he and the girl had agreed to die together.

Coroner: Did he afterwards ask you to save the girl's life?—No, sir; he asked me to save his.

NOT QUITE "OMNIVOROUS" L.C.C.

Coroner Says the Regulation of the Sale of Coloured Lights is Beyond Its Control.

A City juror yesterday asked Mr. Coroner Waldo if the L.C.C. could not stop the sale of penny boxes of coloured lights, the little girl on whose body the inquest was being held having thereby been fatally burned.

When found in flames in her bedroom she said, "Oh, mummy, I struck a pretty light like the girls do in the street, and caught alight."

The omnivorous Council is willing to legislate for anti-reform," said the coroner in reply to the juror, "but this, I think, does not come under its control."

CITY CORONER'S EMBLE PREMONITION.

The City coroner, Dr. Waldo, told a jury yesterday that several times when he was crossing St. Martin's-le-Grand, he had to skip very hurriedly out of the way of the Royal Mail vans.

He had often thought there would be an inquest on him, but he had fortunately escaped it up to now.

SHIPOWNERS IN ARMS.

Inspection of Aliens Causing Enormous Loss and Inconvenience.

"£165 A DAY."

All the shipping companies are up in arms against the Aliens Act.

The authorities have, they complain, broken the first promise made to them—that there should be as little delay at Gravesend as possible, and that the examination should be conducted while the vessels proceeded up the river.

Those ships which have arrived since Monday have been delayed three and four hours at least off Gravesend, causing them to miss a tide, and involving a sum of £30 to £100 to each owner.

It was in order to save this expense that the Board of Trade declared that no vessels should be delayed. The authorities added that the companies should jointly build and equip a shelter which would be used as a landing and an examination place.

This advice was refused, and the owners of vessels in this traffic are now petitioning the Government to build such an establishment at Tilbury. "It is the only way the Act can be administered," said the secretary of one of the chief lines interested.

Methods Must Be Altered.

"It is impossible to continue the present method. It would mean a terrific loss to us. Suppose three vessels, A, B, and C, arrive at Gravesend in one day. A has 200 immigrants on board, B 150, and C 150. In addition A has a cargo of perishable dairy produce, B has a general cargo, but carries the parcels mail, and C has butter and eggs.

"This is what would happen," he continued, "and I can best describe it by a tabulated statement:—

S.s. A arrives at Gravesend	12 noon.
Boarded by doctor and Customs	12.5 p.m.
Examined 200 immigrants at three minutes a head concluded	10.0 p.m.
Total loss of time	12.0 a.m.
Total estimated loss for time, keeping steam up, keeping refrigerators going, and damage to cargo	£75.
S.s. B arrives at Gravesend	2.10 p.m.
Boarded by doctors and Customs	2.15 p.m.
Examination of 150 emigrants at three minutes a head concluded	9.45 p.m.
Next tide	12.0 a.m.
Loss of time	9hr. 45min.
Estimated loss of money	£50.
S.s. C arrives at Gravesend	7.50 p.m.
Examination of immigrants between hours of 8 p.m. and 6 a.m. prohibited. Anchored until 6 a.m.	19 hours.
Examination of 150 immigrants, including 20 doubtful cases re-examined	4.30 p.m.
Wait for tide until	6.30 p.m.
Time lost	22½ hours.
Estimated cost from various reasons	£60.

"That," he concluded, "is a rough but, I think, fairly correct estimate. By it you see £165 is lost in one day. We'll put it that a company manages a loss of £50 a vessel, and an arrival each week. The total annual amount would be over £2,500, and that is not including the money we shall lose on rejected aliens, whom we must feed and send back to the Continent free of cost. It is obvious that from our point of view the Act as it is now being operated cannot be tolerated."

"DAILY MAIL" ELECTION CHART.

Ingenuous Method by Which Fluctuations of Parties Are Followed from Day to Day.

"Colouring the map" will be a most interesting occupation during the forthcoming elections. The map is on the "Daily Mail" Election Chart, the ingenious invention of Colonel Sir J. F. S. Ross, of Bladensburg, K.C.B., which is now ready, price one shilling.

The chart consists of two large maps of England, made up of 670 squares, each representing a parliamentary seat, and bearing, in addition to the name of the constituency, the number of electors, and an indicator showing whether it is a county division, borough, metropolitan borough, or university seat.

In map number one the squares are coloured—red for Liberal, blue for Unionist, green for Nationalist, and yellow for Labour. It shows the state of parties at the time of the dissolution.

Number two is plain, but with each chart are given 1,000 gummed squares of paper of the four representative hues. As the fate of each constituency is decided, the voter damps one of the little gummed squares and affixes it to the constituency. In this way he keeps abreast in front of him a complete and up-to-date record of the changing state of the parties.

The chart may be obtained from the Publisher, "Daily Mail" Chart, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C., or from George Philip and Son, Ltd., 32, Fleet-street, London, E.C., at 1s. or 1s. 1d. post free. With each chart are enclosed particulars of a competition with a prize of £50 for the most accurate election forecast.

Foreigners seemed to think they could order the English police about at their will, said Mr. Denman at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday.

GIRL MUSICIAN'S FALL.

In Debt Through Concerts, She Stole £15 at the House of a Friend.

Her passion for music was responsible for the appearance yesterday in the dock at Preston Quarter Sessions of May Waite, a young woman of twenty.

It was a pathetic story. The girl, since her mother's death, has acted as housekeeper to her father, who occupies a position of trust in Nelson, where he is highly esteemed.

May was passionately fond of music, in which she had herself some skill. Instead of paying her dressmaker's account she spent her allowance upon concerts and entertainments. She fell into debt. The dressmakers, tired of waiting for their money, began to press her.

On Christmas Eve, whilst at the house of Mr. Thomas Davies, sub-postmaster in the town—she was a great friend of his daughter—she yielded to temptation and took £15 from a drawer.

When the theft was discovered a very touching scene took place at her home. On bended knees she implored her father, to whom she handed £8, to make it right with Mr. Davies.

Proceedings had, however, been taken, and could not be stayed.

At the trial yesterday she was bound over under the First Offenders' Act, and as she left the dock, full of tears and repentance, she was received with open arms by her father and friends, who, by kisses and endearments, demonstrated their forgiveness.

KLONDYKE AT WATERLOO.

How a Pretty Girl Inadvertently Caused an Exciting Hunt for Gold.

A miniature Klondyke existed under the railway bridge outside Waterloo Station for some moments yesterday when a pretty girl, in alighting from an omnibus, slipped on the greasy surface of the street and dropped her muff.

From the inside of the muff there rolled out gold, silver, and copper coins amounting, it was afterwards learned, to no less than £10 10s.

The police in charge of the traffic, seeing the girl's predicament, came to her rescue by stopping the traffic, and some of the money was recovered. The borough street-cleaners next arrived, and broke all records for clearing snow.

The poor girl, who is said to have planned a trip to the country, was so excited over her disastrous adventure that instead of continuing her journey she took a Baker-street omnibus back across the Thames. For nearly an hour men searched the street for missing coins. Some of the gold is still there.

CLERGYMAN EVADES PRISON.

Ordered Instead To Pay £100 to the Maid-servant He Brutally Beat.

The sentences of a month's imprisonment each, imposed by the Eastbourne magistrates on the Rev. James Dudman and his wife for assaults on their servant, Agnes Telling, were, on appeal at the East Sussex Quarter Sessions yesterday, reduced to fines of £2 10s. each.

In addition the clergyman and his wife agreed to pay £100 as compensation, and a limited sum for the costs.

The girl alleged that Mr. Dudman had broken a stick over her, and that Mrs. Dudman had struck her with a toasting-fork, a saucepan, and a carpet beater.

Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., yesterday contended that no doubt in a fit of anger the defendants struck the girl, but the story had been grossly exaggerated.

STRAND LIKE "A DOG'S HIND LEG."

Financial, as Well as Artistic, Loss May Follow Spoiling of Great Street Scheme.

Mr. Frederic Harrison makes a whole-hearted attack, in the "Times," on the L.C.C.'s project to make "an ugly intrusion into the Strand at its western end of Aldwych."

"We all have every confidence in the skill of the County Council's valuer when he is appraising business plots at so much a square yard," he says; "but in designing a grand street perspective we prefer the opinion of all the artists, architects, and men of taste who condemn this twisting of the Strand down so as to hide the finest monuments it has to show."

"The whole spirit of the new Kingsway and Aldwych site turns upon its being a grand architectural scheme, with a symmetry and a breadth new to London. To ruin it, by twisting the Strand in the shape of a dog's hind leg, is to risk the recovery of the five millions sterling that have yet to be recouped."

RELIQS OF BERMONDSEY ABBEY.

In the walls of some houses in Grange-walk, Bermondsey, about to be demolished, are a number of gate-houses, which are the only remaining relics of Bermondsey Abbey.

MR. HALL CAINE ON MONEY-MAKING.

Says Play Writing Cannot Compare
with Novel Writing.

HIS "LARGE FORTUNE."

Mr. Hall Caine's statement in the "Book Monthly" that he is £1,000 out of pocket as the result of devoting his time to "The Prodigal Son," one of the most lucrative plays of recent years, naturally has caused much surprise.

There is not, however, the slightest ground for the suggestion that his words have been misreported. In an interview with the *Daily Mirror* yesterday Mr. Caine gave a detailed explanation of his views as to the relative merits of play writing and novel writing from the standpoint of remuneration.

"I can only say," he remarked, "that what I said was personal to myself, and that I should not have said it at all but for the mistaken references to the large fortune that I was making; to plays in general, and my latest play in particular.

NO COMPARISON.

"So far as I am concerned, it is not, and never can be, true that the earnings at a theatre are greater than the earnings of the publishing office. It is impossible, however, for me to judge of the relative financial value of the novel or the play from any other author's point of view.

But, as a general statement, I would unhesitatingly say that the utmost possibilities under the most favourable circumstances of earnings for an author from a play bear no comparison whatever to the utmost possibilities of his earnings from a book.

"I say this quite unhesitatingly, because I know; and I cover in my general statement the possibilities of earnings, not only in the United Kingdom, but in America and in foreign countries."

"DAILY MIRROR" UNEMPLOYED FUND.

Generosity of Readers Enables Us To Provide Work
for Fifty Men To-day and To-morrow.

Since the end of last year readers have contributed £22 7s. to the *Daily Mirror* unemployed fund.

To-day and to-morrow fifty men will be at work in Hampstead.

"DAILY MIRROR" FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS SINCE DECEMBER 31, 1905.

s. d.	p.	s. d.	p.
Already acknowledged		J. H.	2 0
Miss E. T. Wood ..	10 0	C. A. Franklin ..	2 0
G. S. D. Bonnor ..	2 2 0	From a Servant at	
L. C. Leamington ..	3 0 0	Mayfield ..	3 6
Proceeds of Bailing		Sympathisers, Co.	
Entertainment, per		Durham ..	14 0
L. P. F.	2 0 0	D. A. Beahm ..	3 0
Liquor Shopmen ..		Miss Wilson and	
Messrs. Watson ..		Her Class ..	3 6
Combes, and Reid ..	2 8 6	A. Max. Kerry ..	10 0
The Twins ..	1 1 0	C. G. H.	5 0
Employees of the		A. W. W.	5 0
Rochester Laundry ..	1 0	A. Mordant Smith	5 0
George James, S.H.	3 6		
B. Leeds ..	3 6		
			£2616 12 2

OUR SIMPLE BALANCE SHEET.	
Nov. 15 '05 to Jan. 3, '06	Nov. 15 '05 to Jan. 3, '06
To wages ..	£2616 12 2
Balance in hand ..	1 2
	Received ..
	£2616 12 2
	£2616 12 2
	£2616 12 2

EARTH'S NEAREST APPROACH TO SUN.

After Being Only 91,338,000 Miles Off, Our Planet
Begins To Recede.

The earth reached its nearest approach to the sun yesterday. They were separated by a distance of only 91,338,000 miles.

From yesterday, however, we began to put a greater distance between us, and when July arrives we shall be something like three millions of miles further from the sun than we are at present.

The exact time yesterday at which we were so near the sun was about 4 p.m., but the change in the temperature, if any, was not observable.

WANTED

Your criticism of the "Daily Mail" Year Book for 1906. It may bring you one of the 100 handsome Prizes which the Editor is offering. Buy a copy to-day, and you will find particulars on page lvii.

1/6 "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK. 1/6

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

"Irish hecklers to attend English public meetings and keep Cabinet Ministers straight on the Home Rule question" are appealed for by a correspondent of the "Freeman's Journal."

There were no cases at the City Quarter Sessions in the Guildhall yesterday.

At the Limerick Quarter Sessions yesterday there was no criminal business to dispose of, and Judge Adams was presented with two pairs of white gloves.

Alighting from a train before it stopped, and slipping between the platform and the rails, the Rev. William Lyde, a Westmorland clergyman, had the presence of mind to lie quite still until the train was pulled up, and emerged unhurt.

Proceeds of the sale of the site of the Church of St. Michael's, Burleigh-street, Covent Garden, will be devoted to the erection of a church bearing the same name at Chiswick, where a new parish is being constituted in the Sutton Court district.

James Young, a trooper of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, was remanded at Westminster yesterday on a charge of assaulting two South-Western Railway ticket-collectors at Vauxhall Station. It was alleged that Young drove his spurs into their legs.

By a majority of one the Somerset County Council decided yesterday to give prizes for regular attendance at school. After providing the schools and money for ordinary expenses, it was hard, said one of the dissentients, that the ratepayers should be asked to spend £200 to coax children to school.

The Poet Laureate will read a paper on "The Practical Utility of a Classical Education" at the annual meeting of the Classical Association at King's College, Strand, next Saturday morning, at 10.30.

John Fox was charged at Lambeth yesterday with stealing a turkey. He was sentenced to twenty-one days' hard labour.

In aid of the Union Jack Club, a special matinee of "The Tyranny of Tears" will be given at the Haymarket Theatre on February 15, under the patronage of Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

The Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, whose museum contains the skeleton of the famous racehorse Eclipse, has declined, says a correspondent of the "Times," to part with it to the British Museum.

Although twenty years have elapsed since the ill-fated Teviotdale was wrecked on Cefn Sidau sands, Carmarthenshire, one mast of the ship is still to be seen from the railway between Kidwelly and Ferrybridge.

While some cattle were being driven in a Leicester street yesterday a cow charged a cyclist, who hurriedly jumped off his bicycle. The machine was caught by the animal's horns and carried triumphantly several yards.

By request of the National Sunday League, the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, will be open on Sundays, January 7 and 14, in the afternoon. Tickets may be had on application to the secretary of the League.

WAR STORES ARMY SCANDAL.



Guard at Chelsea Barracks presenting arms yesterday to the members of the court-martial assembled to try Staff-Sergeant C. M. Hilton, Army Service Corps, for desertion.

A seagull shot near Berwick-on-Tweed measured 5ft. from tip to tip of the wings.

The late Miss Grace Elizabeth Sanders, of Exeter, has bequeathed £200 to the Liberator Relief Fund.

South Wales coal made a rapid advance in price yesterday. The best steam coal rose 9d., and Monmouthshire 6d. a ton.

Five thousand tons of Welsh steam coal for the L.C.C. river steamers are to be delivered on contract before May Day.

Crowded out of service by motor-omnibuses, one of the old horse-drawn vehicles is being used by a Camberwell jobmaster as a fowl-house.

Sir Francis Cory-Wright, of Highgate, an alderman of the Middlesex County Council, was selected chairman of the Highgate bench of magistrates yesterday.

As compensation for a broken leg, sustained by being ejected downstairs from a Liverpool theatre, James Rigger has been awarded £25 damages at the Liverpool Court of Passage.

Charged with refractory conduct in the workhouse, at Romford, yesterday, a tramp said that when he entered the casual ward the master was suffering from "lapse of memory."

For the families of the English sailors who perished in the wreck of the *Hilda*, the London and South-Western Railway have received £100 subscribed by French sympathisers in Bristol.

"It is a thousand pities," said Alderman Morris at the Guildhall yesterday, "that all the toy-sellers cannot be cleared out of Throgmorton-street, where their obstruction to traffic is a perfect disgrace."

Professor Herkomer's picture, "The Guards' Cheer," has been presented by Mr. H. O. Wills to the city of Bristol.

To induce teachers to take positions in unpleasant neighbourhoods, the London County Council will, for the future, offer £7 10s. a year extra salary in poor or out-of-the-way districts.

Twenty additional nurses are being appointed to London schools at a yearly cost of £1,900. Hitherto only twelve nurses have had the care of some 600,000 children in fifty schools.

The Bishop of London's fund has received a New Year's gift of £1,200 from "an old supporter," and also £1,200 from Viscount Iveagh, towards the increase of endowment in poor parishes.

A young woman, with four children, has informed the Wipon Board of Guardians that some years ago she married her uncle at Penrith, the witnesses being her own father and mother.

Her "complete ruin being involved in a Colonial scandal which requires publicity," a "lady entitled to a large estate" appeared in a "personal" column yesterday for assistance to prosecute her claim.

Messrs. Elders and Fyffes, Limited, state that the total importation of bananas during 1905 amounted to 4,722,796 bunches as compared with 2,973,168 bunches during 1904, being an increase of 1,749,628 bunches for the twelve months.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

WORLD'S FAIR, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, Ilford. OPEN DAILY, at 12 noon, till Feb. 10. GIGANTIC PROGRAMME of POPULAR AMUSEMENTS. Circus, Manager, Aerial Shows, and other great attractions. Admission 6d.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

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Callan Mr. TREE.

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"LIGHTS OUT."
THE DRAMATIC SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.
"LIGHTS OUT."
THE DRAMATIC SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.

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Miss MARION TERRY and Miss EVELYN MOORE, in
MISS CAPTAIN DREW AN ADVENTURE, by H. H. Davies.
At 8.30, "The American Widow." WYNDHAM'S.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1906.

THE POLICY OF SMASH.

EVERY now and again, in the midst of the confusion of words peculiar to this electioneering season, one is able, by listening with attention, to catch a phrase which may have a greater wisdom in it than that which usually belongs to Party invective.

A sage maxim of the kind meant was provided by Mr. Balfour in his speech at Leamington. Treating of the Question of Chinese Labour, he said: "There is no more vulgar error than the assumption that when you injure the rich you benefit the poor."

Many of those who write upon Social Questions take the opposite view. "What!" they say in astonishment, "Can it be possible that, when two men meet in the street on a dark night and at a lonely corner, the one with ragged coat and soul and body starved, the other replete, and rich in all that the world has to give—can it be possible that, if the poor man takes ten sovereigns from the rich (injuring him, therefore, to the extent of that sum) that he is not benefited by the incident?"

Certainly he is benefited to the extent of £10, which he may spend on food and drink, and live, for a day or two, in peace. But if, when the money is gone, he tries to repeat the profitable transaction, and performs it again and again, something obvious, something it might have been well to foresee, will happen. Rich men will cease to go about with money in their pockets.

That is, no doubt, a rough instance from the life of individuals. But it is the same with the life of nations. Take the inevitable instance of the French Revolution. The unemployed of those times were tortured by the same contrasts as those that afflict their brethren to-day.

So they did an obvious thing. They journeyed to Versailles and broke a few windows, they terrified all the delicate ladies and gentlemen most effectively, and they forced the Baker, the Baker's wife, and the Baker's little boy—as they called the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin—to come to Paris.

You know how things went on. Wealth left the country, because it is unwise to be rich in a time of anarchy, paper-money was the only money available—brilliant (as in the homely case of the rich man robbed at the street corner) was hoarded and hidden. Nobody speculated, nobody traded, everybody lived on republicanism and "down with the rich," and the rest of that unsubstantial diet.

We might have learnt the lesson of those times by now. But there is still the very natural sentiment abroad that the poor ought to be set against somebody or something, and taught that it might do them good to break things. Mr. Bart Kennedy—whose staccato sincerity, expressing itself in brief, burning sentences, is undeniable—has been telling the readers of "Answers," in some articles that ought to be widely noticed, how he has been impressed by his adventures amongst the Unemployed.

He, very probably, might not approve of broken windows and assassinated landlords. But, nevertheless, when he prophesies that England "will go up in a chaos of dust and blood," and warns the poor against charity organisations where they will only be "insulted," when he tells them of the landlords who live on "money ground out of the sorrow and misery of the poor," he is adopting this rhetoric of revolution which feeds the poor with the delusion that by injuring the rich they will benefit themselves.

Perhaps Mr. Kennedy has forgotten the lesson of the French Revolution—that social disorder only makes misery more miserable—and the lesson, too, of the old parable of the lion and the jackals—how the jackals followed the lion about, living off the remnants of his feast; how one day they set to and killed him hoping to get more than the remnants; and how they found, that the lion being dead, and his prowess in hunting removed from them, they got no feast at all, and starved all the quicker without him.

E. W.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Where there is much light there is much shade.—Goethe.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SOME of the unscrupulous posters which ardent politicians are displaying on the City walls have certainly a remarkable vigour about them. They remind one, in their crude contrasts of good and evil, of those amazing magic-lantern views which you may have seen if you have ever attended Sunday evening service at St. Mary-at-Hill, near the Monument, where the Rev. Wilson Carille tries so courageously, so desperately, to make Christianity palatable to the slums.

In St. Mary-at-Hill you see terrible pictures of men, making straight for destruction, saved only by the power of religion. There, at any rate, the issue is plain. On one side is religion, on the other—well, the infernal regions in all their old-fashioned horror of flames, goggle-eyed demons, darkness, and despair. But in the case of these intimidating electioneering placards the issue is complicated, and the poor man, perhaps ignorant and excitable, must be terribly disturbed when he sees Mr. Chamberlain blowing political bubbles, or keeping the "likes of him" away from the bread-

shattered the entire front windows, and the roar of an enormous mob announced that the town was at their mercy. The inn was attacked, and an omnibus propelled against the entrance door, with the view of breaking it in. During a period of two hours not a policeman or a soldier appeared. The inmates of the hotel barricaded the door with mattresses, and prepared to sell their lives dearly."

In Ireland, of course, any urbanity used to be out of the question during an election. It was warmly discouraged, even by the candidates' agents. Mr. John O'Connell used to tell how one gentleman, accompanied by a canvassing friend who knew the rules of the game better than he did, once entered a farmhouse, raised his hat, and asked for the occupant's vote. "Before I promise my vote, sir," said the farmer, "I'd like to hear what are your principles." The candidate began to reply very politely.

But when his friend saw the way he was proceeding he pulled him back, got him into the pony-cart, and turned, with simulated indignation, upon the farmer. "His principles!" he roared. "You

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE.



The German Government is anxious to profit by British goodwill at the coming Morocco conference. But Great Britain is certain to stand side by side with France, and it is unlikely that the Kaiser will succeed in disturbing our friendly relations with that country.

shop, or "C. B." launching the rotting vessel of Radicalism.

No wonder, after all the incendiary doctrines of these posters have sunk deep into the poor man's mind, that elections are often violent. Mr. Bright used often to tell stories of the various desperate deeds which he, as an enlightened demagogue, had often had the privilege of witnessing. "I recollect," said the great speaker, "an election for the borough of Carlisle. There were two troops of dragoons, two companies of infantry, and one hundred and fifty police, the whole of this force having, during the period of the election, been engaged in keeping the peace in a town which comprised only two hundred electors."

At another election—the election of 1890—Carlisle distinguished itself in the same way. While the voting was proceeding, one of the candidates was attacked in the committee-room, cut over the eye, and his hat squashed perfectly flat. Parcels of dynamite were found casually distributed about the platform, the main body of the hall, and the steps leading up to it.

Still more alarming was the election for Waterford in 1870. One eye-witness stated that he had been drinking tea in an inn near the public square, when "an avalanche of paving-stones

ask a gentleman like Mr. F. his principles! Get along with you! A pretty pass things are come to if a gentleman must stop on the road to give his principles! Come along, sir, come along at once." I suppose that left the elector considerably impressed with the candidate's grandeur and ability.

The burglars who were convicted of trying to rob the villa of Hortense Schneider, the once famous singer of comic opera and the admired of all-fickle Paris, have been sentenced to imprisonment. It is remarkable that burglars so often choose to rob actresses. Probably they think that an actress, even when old, as Hortense Schneider is, will always have plenty of diamonds, and be sure to leave them carelessly about. Actresses, for their part, have been known to be rather glad of an occasional burglary. No better advertisement could be devised.

Hortense Schneider is, however, well beyond the age of advertisement. She lives in a villa between Paris and Versailles—not a very safe quarter for lonely people. She was the heroine of most of Offenbach's operas when they were first produced. Very audacious, not afraid of being vulgar, she managed to make a colossal success in spite of an exceedingly plain appearance. Meilhac and Halévy were also authors who made the reputation of this superficially so unattractive woman.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

BISHOP V. CLERK.

"P. T." New Barnet, styles himself a victim, but seeing that he accepted 10s. from a railway clerk which would have to be made good out of the latter's pocket, I rather take the view that the clerk is the victim.

I presume "P. T." enjoys the confidence of his employers, and am certain it is most desirable that booking-clerks should receive the same from the railway companies, otherwise where does their protection come in? REASON.

Leicester.

Having been a booking-clerk in one of the largest stations in Liverpool for over nine years, I have followed with interest the correspondence above.

A booking-clerk is simply a servant of the public, and the custom in this part of the country is that no mistakes can be rectified after the passenger once leaves the window. The clerk is called upon to make good his losses, and in the event of any surplus one should balance the other.

I may state that I am not now a booking-clerk, but the experience I have gained warrants me in sympathising with the clerk in this case.

In other large bodies, such as the corporation, Dock Board, etc., the pay-clerk is allowed £20 a year for his losses, which is not the case with railway companies, although they handle more money. Liverpool. T. G.

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS.

I firmly believe in platonic friendship. In these days of competition a young man is not always in a position to marry, therefore is he to cut off from being friends with a girl he has perhaps known from childhood for fear of his intentions being mistaken?

The girl of to-day is not the sentimental, stay-at-home her ancestors were. She is constantly meeting all kinds of men at hockey, tennis, golf, etc., so consequently her views of life are broadened, and she is quite able to be a "pal" to a man and thoroughly enjoy his society without being troubled by any "secret suffering" or wrong impressions as to his intentions. M. D. Bournemouth.

I am convinced platonic friendship is possible when based on mutual esteem brought about through intellectual interests in various subjects, such as literature, music, etc.; but the fact is to be regretted that more often than not the sentimentalism of love forms on one side or the other.

I agree with the Brentford correspondent who writes it is preferable that a compact of friendship should be made, which, by so doing, removes any ground for a dangerous flirtation on one side or the other. M. LEHAM. Kensington.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Witty Paragraphs from the Comic Papers of Two Continents.

The police magistrates so often admonish women complainants to come back and report any further wrongdoing on the part of husbands who have just been released that they fall into the habit of repeating the admonition on every occasion in which a man and wife are concerned. The other day a woman told Magistrate Moss that her husband had threatened to kill her.

"Very well, madam, if he does, you come back and tell me and I will punish him," replied the magistrate mechanically.—"New York Sun."

"Have you heard that Katie has gone in for being a telephone girl?"

"Oh yes, but only out of curiosity—to hear what the subscribers have to say to one another."—"Dorfbärber" (Berlin).

"Dick, why don't you get married, my boy?" "Well, you see, whenever I think I like any girl well enough, I always find another I like better."—"Dorfbärber" (Berlin).

"No, mum, thank you, I don't want any help in the kitchen to-day. But if you would be so kind as to read me to-day's instalment of the serial in the 'Smart Journal,' I could go on with my work nicely."—"Meggendorfer Blätter."

"Your bump of destruction is unusually large," said the professor of phrenology. "Are you a prize-fighter?"

"No," replied the victim in the chair, "I'm a furniture mover."—"Chicago News."

IN MY GARDEN.

JANUARY 3.—Our faces are turned towards the spring. Frost, snow, mist, and dull days are still to come, but the sad weeks of the gardening year are over.

Whenever the weather becomes mild, fresh signs of spring abound. Not only are the snowdrops all above ground, but thousands of crocuses are to be seen, while the Siberian squills, wood hyacinths, and anemones begin to brave the wintry air.

Phloxes are bestirring themselves, rock-roses are crowded with buds. The time of decay is over—our faces are turned towards the spring. E. F. T.

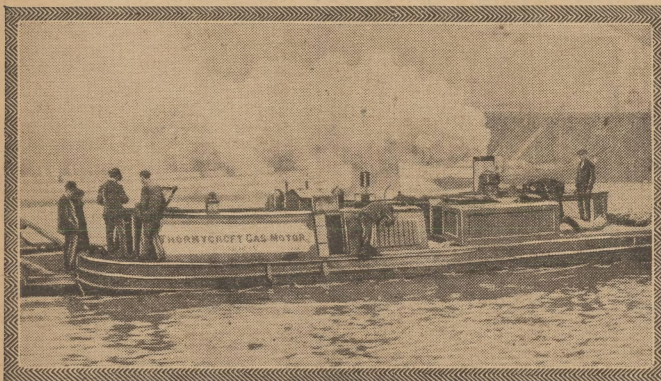
SNAP SHOTS

WET DAY IN THE STRAND.



Taken yesterday in the rain and fog by a *Daily Mirror* staff photographer, and is an excellent example of what up-to-date methods can accomplish under such unpromising conditions. Only a few years ago the camera could only be used in a bright, clear light.

DOOM OF THE TOW-PATH HORSE.



Yesterday the above gas motor-barge started from Brentford on a tour through the canals of England. It will bring renewed prosperity to many derelict inland waterways, as it will tow long strings of barges cheaper and quicker than can be done now by horses.

SPAIN'S ANCIENT BALL GAME IN LONDON.

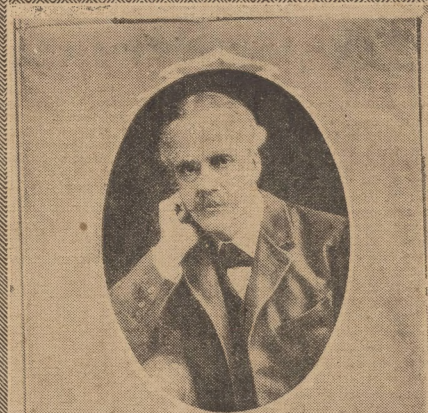


Among the attractions on the wonderful grass mat at Olympia are matches at pelota, the great Spanish ball game. This is said to be faster than football, and to be the hardest work for the players of any sport in the world.



CURRENT F

POLITICS IN PICTURES FOR EV



"Let us remind the constituencies that there is a Party which, by what it has done—not merely by what it has professed—has earned the gratitude of every citizen of the Empire."



They received the...
With the body...
And the body...

BAITING THE "DEAR FOOD" HOOK



He's trying to catch you again. Take care you're not caught!

THIS TIME!

Most of the parliamentary candidates at the coming general election seem to have come to the conclusion that the battle is to be won by posters on the hoardings. It is recognised that pictures are more effective in giving point to an argument than miles

RY BLANK WALL IN ENGLAND.



SOME TRUTHS

Mr. Radical Party: "Well, Henry dear, I'm ready to go to the Country now. How do I look?"
Mr. N. C. D.: "Hm—The chaw's a bit worn, and the hat might be nicer."
Mr. R. P.: "Well Henry, I've got no letter, and they're your own design."



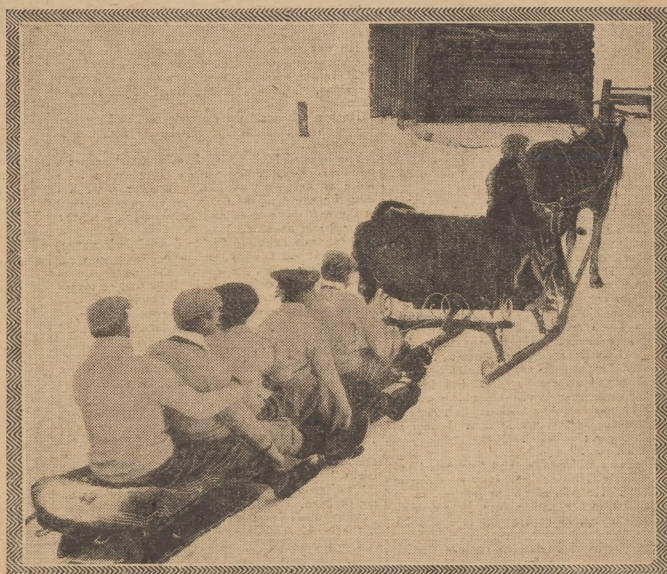
Mr. Balfour, the ex-Prime Minister, to Prime Minister Chamberlain: "Well are you happy now you have got

RADICAL UNITY!!!



"Hush! Hush! Hush! Here comes the Bogey Man!"

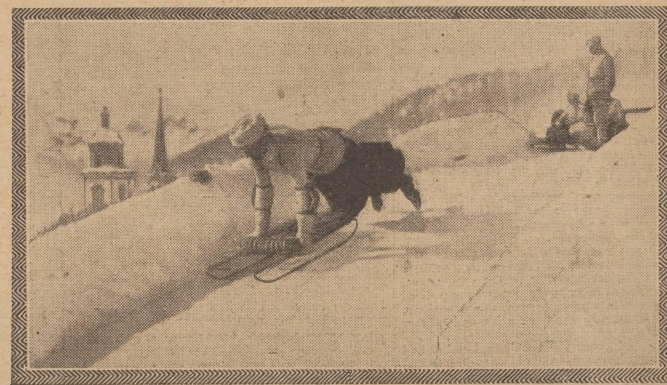
WINTER SPORTS WHERE FROST IS KING.



Tobogganing is the favourite sport at Davos, and a rush down a hillside snow slide in the clear frosty air is the finest tonic imaginable for jaded health-seekers. In the photograph a bobsleigh is being towed up the hill ready for its mad dive to the bottom of the valley.



No. 1 shows a running start in the bobsleigh race at St. Moritz. When sufficient momentum is achieved the runners jump up behind. No. 2 represents an undignified finish of a toboggan race on the famous Cresta run at St. Moritz.



Lady starting on the Cresta run at St. Moritz, down which she will dash headlong at a pace faster than a mile a minute. She is carefully padded on the elbows, to minimise the danger of a possible spill half-way into a snow bank.

type, so the craze of the moment is for cartoons which will ridicule an opponent's incipies. The above amusingly give the Radical view of Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionist idea of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's position.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHAPTER XLVIII. (continued).

Balshaw, as he thought of the living life of his life, covered his face with his hands, overcome with remorse. Clare swept across to him, her eyes grave with a wistful tenderness.

"I don't think you know me quite as well as I know you," she said softly. "You cannot have anything so very dreadful to tell me? And you have broadened my views. I am not so little and narrow-minded as I was."

She smiled gravely. The sorrow that had chastened her seemed to lend an added beauty to her whole being.

He stretched out his hands, the palms turned towards her and the fingers wide apart, as if to keep her from him at arm's length. The desperate, almost fierce, gesture drew a little cry of pain from her lips.

Was it possible that his feelings had undergone some change? But her heart laughed at her. The hot words that had poured from him, last time they rode together in the four-wheeled cab, were not the words of a man who would change.

Her heart laughed, then turned cold as the old chilling terror crept over her again like a vaporous, vague cloud. The man's frightful agony had suddenly become more apparent to her.

He began to speak, his hands still outstretched to keep her from him.

"I am a lie—a frightful lie!" he whispered hoarsely—"a lie born of drudgery, discontent, and selfish desires! A lie, a criminal, black lie!"

Clare drew her fingers tentatively across her brows, and looked at him dazedly. But for the agony on the tense, grey face, it must have seemed to her that he was talking nonsense. Her expression was inexplicable torture to him. It told of dazed, but complete disbelief.

"A lie, I tell you!"

He had ceased whispering, and hammered on the words harshly. But he could endure looking at her no longer. He wanted not to see her, so he strode past her to the mantelpiece, where, with his back half-turned, he covered his face with his hands.

Then the words of confession came from his clenched teeth.

"Roland Carstairs, bank-forgery, sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and Richard Balshaw are the same!"

His teeth came together with a click. Pressing his hands more convulsively to his face, he waited.

It was done. No whimpering and pleading and setting forth of temptations and excuses. Simply the truth.

He looked like a thing of stone. The only sound breaking the terrible stillness was the crackle and splutter of the ruddy fire leaping merrily up the chimney.

Clare, too, seemed changed into stone. Thus they stood, both quite motionless.

Balshaw was the first to move. Withdrawing his hands, he looked into the mirror, and beheld Clare's image reflected there. He covered his eyes again sharply. There was a slight sound in his throat. It might have been the death-rattle of dying hope.

He couldn't bring himself to plead or mitigate or even crave forgiveness. He might, perhaps, have so tempered his confession as to minimise the heinousness of his sin, not only against society but—against her. But, as well as the paralysis that fettered him, something that was almost self-respect was restraining him.

Clare suddenly reached up her hands and tottered forward.

"Dear God," she whispered, "dear God, wake me from this frightful dream!"

Hell could have contained for Richard Balshaw no more cruel torture than this piteous cry of the woman he loved.

He turned, reeling like a hopeless drunkard, and staggered towards her; but too late.

God, in His mercy, had granted her brief oblivion. She lay on the floor, unconscious and marble-faced.

Balshaw knelt beside her, a stricken man, and quick, agonised words of prayer blended with the crackle and splutter of the fire leaping merrily in the grate.

It seemed an offence for him even to touch her now; but presently, the agony relaxing a trifle, and some coherency and sequence of thought returning to the tortured man, he gathered her up and laid her tenderly on a couch, covering her over with a rug for warmth's sake—this little detail of thoughtfulness being quite mechanical.

"Dear God," he muttered, "wake me from this frightful dream!"

Then sounds—a man's tearless, dry sobs.

Presently, being over her, he played the thief, and stole a kiss from her cold forehead; and played the thief again.

When Clare's eyes began to flicker open with returning consciousness, it seemed to her that there was some indistinct presence in the room; but with the coming of fuller consciousness, she realised that the presence was gone and she was alone. There was no sound, save the crackle and splutter of the fire.

The man had gone. He walked London and London's suburbs through the night, and dawn was breaking when John Pym heard him enter the house and pass upstairs to his room.

The slave of the lamp, his bodily wounds healed, but his frail constitution badly shattered by his fierce conflict with the one-time Xangti, crept up

the stairs like a shadow. His eyes were exceedingly big, and his lips twitched uncontrollably, for he was aware of Balshaw's purpose when the latter quitted home on the previous afternoon.

The door of the dressing-room was ajar, and he could see Balshaw. The latter was writing, now and again pausing to think. Something about his expression forbade Pym to enter, so he crept away, stammering quite silently to himself.

He was not curious as to what had happened. He knew—had read it all on the other's face.

There are times when men and women want to be alone. That was such a time. Pym realised this.

He made himself some strong tea, and smoked innumerable cigarettes, rolled rapidly with trembling fingers.

The days of Richard Balshaw, as Balshaw, were numbered now. A little more deception, a little more trickery—not for his own sake now, but that the world might not point a finger of scorn at the woman he loved and had wronged—and the game would be done.

Great tears began to trickle down Pym's wasted cheeks. It was midday, and he had taken no meal of any kind, when the door of the smoking-room opened and Balshaw entered. Pym looked everywhere but at his face. His eyes finally came to a rest on the closely-written pages he was carrying.

It was the story of Roland Carstairs and Richard Balshaw.

It had been written for Clare to read.

"John," said Balshaw wearily, his voice heavy and dragging, "I want this to be given into her own hands."

He drew a hand across his eyes, as if struggling to collect his thoughts.

"There is a note to go with it. Let me see, old friend. When does Balshaw leave England—destination unknown? My memory is playing me tricks."

"T—the d-day after to-to-to-morrow!" stammered Pym.

"And don't forget to remind me to drop a line to the bank. I must give them warning and some sort of a reason for drawing out so much in cash."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Mrs. Wilbraham was shopping in Bond-street, and her electric brougham was just purring away when she caught sight of Ivor Armytage looking very waxlike and bloodless. She pressed a little button; the brougham drew up.

"Do come in with me and tell me everything," she said, having beckoned Armytage to the window. "Of course, you came back with the Main-warnings. How terrible for them! I called yesterday, though I was unable to see anyone. I am so grieved for poor Lady Mainwaring and Clare. What a frightful shock; and then, of course, poor Guy's name was dragged into those police-court proceedings. To think I had actually had that awful woman at my house. But do come in. Let me drive you home and give you some lunch."

Mrs. Wilbraham was looking exceptionally beautiful and fascinating, though perhaps the skillfully applied film of paint and powder was just a shade thicker than usual. She had not set eyes on Balshaw since his attendance at Mrs. Stanley-Garden's séance. Since then he seemed to have avoided her deliberately. She had called, only to find him out or to be told that he was out. She had written, and he had answered, politely enough, but always making some excuse for being unable to accept the invitations showered on him. Yet during this time she had hugged one consolation to herself—Clare was in Yorkshire.

Armtyage entered the brougham. She laid a hand caressingly on his sleeve.

"And it must have been such a terrible time for you also. Does it mean that the wedding will be postponed, or will it just be a quite quiet affair?"

Armtyage fumbled with his cigarette-case.

"It's all off!" he said in a thin whisper that was nearly a snarl.

Mrs. Wilbraham clenched up her hands as from a sudden stab of pain.

"Off!"

It was almost a scream; but the next moment she was again the charming woman, deeply concerned.

"Yes. Off!"

Armtyage glanced at her, a thin, vindictive smile playing round his lips.

(To be continued.)

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By . .

William Le Queux,
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Election Agents

Should see that their canvassers are equipped with copies of the "Daily Mail" Year Book for 1906, which gives in handy form the pros and cons of every question now before the electorate.

'Daily Mail' Year Book.

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DAILY MAIL

January 4, 1906.

THE DAILY MIRROR.

POLITICS ON A FIRE-ENGINE.



Snaking yesterday at Green-
wich, from the
their parents.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Speculators Held in Check by Fears
of the Morocco Situation.

PARIS SELLS KAFFIRS.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—Markets are a little restful, which means, in other words, that markets are a little lower. Of course, there are one or two good reasons why they should be. For one thing, the last few days of last week saw a good deal of speculative buying on the usual hope that another group of speculators would be buying in the new year.

But the new year has opened with a certain amount of talk about the Franco-German situation in regard to Morocco, and that being the case the markets are not disposed to run speculative accounts for the rise, and the speculators very soon sold again. Hence the set-back of the last day or two.

Consols are just dullish, perhaps a shade above the price to which they dipped earlier in the

The expected working where
matter of bookkeeping, which will be rectified next week. But the Home Railway market was just the very section to feel the pinch of the speculative selling to which we have referred. So, in spite of good trades, prices are lower with almost the solitary exception of Districts, which rose on the news of the appointment of the general manager of the North-Eastern as chairman.

AMERICANS LESS CONFIDENT.

Where American Rails were on the up grade, at first it was merely the case of one or two special manipulated features like Southern. The general tone was less confident, though New York at first made an attempt to work up a little mild enthusiasm. The market fell because money rose sharply again in New York, but the last prices were better.

The extent of the speculative sales was noticeable in several outlying favourite speculative markets. For instance, Grand Trunks were heavy, though this market had a wonderful traffic increase of £14,323, whereas it had looked for no increase at all.

Similarly there were sales in Argentine Rails, Brazilian Rails, and in other directions, although very little fault could be found with the traffics, except, perhaps, the Rosario and the Cuban results.

UNPAID GUAYAQUIL COUPONS.

The failure to meet the coupons on Guayaquil and Quito bonds on the right day caused that gambling counter to be heavy, although it is explained that it is merely a temporary delay due to the non-arrival of the mail at the proper time. The coupons will be paid to-morrow.

Mexican Rails were good, because the traffic here was more than usually satisfactory. In the Foreign market, where, of course, the Franco-German matter will have some influence, prices for most of the leading Foreign favourites were quite satisfactory until the close, when the slight anxiety began to tell, and prices dulled off.

The better news, both financially and politically, from Russia, caused quite a strong spurt again in Russian bonds at the opening, but they, too, were giving way before the finish. Similarly, wherever gambling has been rife, such as in the leading copper shares, the tendency was to sell out, and so most things were lower on the day.

HUDSON'S BAY WARNING.

Paris has been a seller of Kaffir mining shares to-day, and all the improvement of yesterday was lost, the close of the market being distinctly unfavourable. The Rhodesian section also being affected. West Africans lost ground, and, in fact, apart from the gamble in shares of the Broken Hill group, there was not much in the way of upward movements.

Apparently holders of nitrate shares are satisfied that the combination of producers is to be dissolved, and so these shares are up. The greatly increased receipts resulting from the land sales of the Hudson's Bay Company did not prevent a fall in the price. The truth is there has been so much manipulation by American speculators in these shares that a large account of a weak speculative nature has been encouraged both here and on the other side of the Atlantic. It is satisfactory to recall that the directors have been anything but a party to this movement, and that the chairman has warned the public on several occasions.

LEAPED CLEAN THROUGH A WINDOW.

The story of a desperate dash for liberty was related at the South-Western Police Court yesterday when John Cronin, an ex-convict, was committed for trial on a charge of burglariously entering a house at Battersea.

A constable saw him and gave chase, whereupon Cronin leaped clean through a window and scaled a garden wall, but was caught.

ATHLETES AS AMATEUR ACTORS.



At the Regent-street Hall the racing cyclists of the Polytechnic Cycling Club gave an amusing theatrical entertainment. With a tall hat, on the right of the photograph, is A. J. Cherry, the fifty-mile world's champion. Reading from left to right, are also A. E. Beale, W. M. Bailey, C. Starr, A. J. Wilkins, F. A. Negler, and G. F. Blacklesley. On the right is J. F. Ditchman.

"TOOTHPICK" BOOTS.

America Dumping Its Unfashionable Footwear
Into England.

Owing to a decided change of style in boots and shoes in America, huge consignments of "toothpick" boots may be expected to arrive in this country shortly.

This always happens when the United States wants to get rid of its surplus stock. A rather broad-toed pattern of shoe is coming into fashion in New York, and so London is to be inundated with the unfashionable "toothpicks" which, if the agents can effect it, will be made the prevailing mode. The cost of sending the boots and shoes to England works out at only 2d. a pair—a cheaper tariff than on many American railways.

Should the "toothpick" boot become generally popular the chiropodists will have a busy time. Hitherto their number in this country has borne no comparison to the vast army of practitioners in the United States.

The sale of American shoes is increasing, in spite of contradictory reports. In 1904 some 2,484,000 pairs of boots and shoes were imported into England, and a very large proportion of them came from the United States. The returns for the eleven months ending November of last year show imports amounting to 199,721 dozen pairs, and for the entire year of 1905 it is estimated the total number of shoes sent was 2,640,000 pairs.

Owing to the superiority of the English shoe we could sell them in America," said a large dealer yesterday, "if it were not for an ad valorem duty of 25 per cent., which is a practically prohibitive tariff."

"CAVALRY JOURNAL'S" STAFF OF 11 OFFICERS.

Under the direction of Major-General Baden-Powell, a new military paper, "The Cavalry Journal," is about to be published. Seven officer sub-

editors, representing the Imperial Yeomanry, Australia, India, Egypt, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa have been appointed. Major-General Finn, Inspector-General, Melbourne, is Australia's representative on the staff.

Three officers occupy other editorial positions.

THE MODERN HONEYMOON.

The Presence of the Judicious "Outsider" Strongly
Recommended by a Lady.

The sentiments of the honeymoon, with its affectionate inanities, are the subject of an interesting article by Miss Alice Herbert in the current number of the "Lady's Realm."

"There was once a clerically-connected couple," relates the writer, "who each imagined a beautiful austerity of the other. They departed for a tour round the cathedral cities of England, amid subdued cheering and a very little caustic rice, with a tentative black, cloth boot thrown at them in a half-hearted manner by an aunt who knew it was the proper thing to do, but felt it wasn't."

"The couple got as far as Canterbury before finding one another out. They then hastily took train to Dover and the earliest boat for Calais, and continued their honeymoon on slightly different lines in Paris."

"When they came back they had a great deal to say about Notre Dame, but the bridegroom had not noticed its flying buttresses, and the bride was not sure that it had 'much of a front.'"

On the mistake of "lapsing utterly into affectionate inanity," the writer has much to say.

"The particular caress or pet name that works like a charm on the first two or three occasions may easily turn to the most maddening thing on earth."

The presence of the judicious outsider, declares the writer, is good.

"He acts as a check on inanity, and before him both parties have to show some glimmering of intelligence."

WONDERFUL
WEIGHT
REDUCTION.

Antipon begins to do its beneficent fat-reducing work from the very start. Twenty-four hours are sufficient to prove its efficacy. Within a day and a night of first dose there is a decrease of weight which varies according to individual cases. From 8oz. to 3lb. reduction may be relied upon, and this decrease is always followed by a sure and steady diminution until final cure—that is, restoration of symmetrical proportions and standard weight according to height. The doses may then cease, as it will be found that the dreaded tendency to put on flesh, however careful the dieting may be, has been lastingly destroyed. The general health has undergone an astonishing change, principally because of the improvement in the digestive system and the extra amount of nourishment taken. Moreover, the dangerous internal fatty deposits that clog the action of the vital organs are

ideal home treatment, and may be taken out any second person being aware that a special treatment is being followed. Antipon is of purely non-mineral ingredients and is pleasant and refreshing. It has no disturbing effect whatever upon stomach or bowels. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be obtained (on forwarding amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.



King of Corpulence Cures

Distress yourself no more about your excessive fatness. This is a sure, guaranteed, permanent cure. Antipon is a home remedy which will reduce you to your normal weight and graceful proportions within a few weeks without any dieting. There is no starving required, nor anything disagreeable. Antipon expels the fat from the system by absorbing and eliminating it without the slightest strain on the constitution. It is quite harmless. There is no question about it. Hundreds have testified to its almost magical power. It is pleasant to the taste, easy to take (being a liquid), and wonderfully economical. The treatment can be followed without anyone else knowing it. Antipon helps to strengthen the system by increasing the appetite and improving digestion. At the same time as it reduces weight, it enriches the blood, gives renewed nerve power, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. Excessive fatness will spoil the beauty of the most attractive women and the handsomest men. Once the tendency to corpulence asserts itself it is difficult to arrest development. No matter how you starve yourself or go in for violent exercise, the fat still increases, and without Antipon will go on increasing. This marvellous remedy will speedily improve matters. The double chin, flabby cheeks, bulky neck, protuberant abdomen, large hips, and all other indications of excessive fatness will very soon subside into normal proportions, and, once reduced to symmetry, will permanently remain so reduced. You will not get stout again. Antipon will take off from 8oz. to 3lb. within a day and night of the first dose. The reduction then proceeds steadily until proper dimensions are regained, together with restored health, excellent appetite, and a feeling of exhilaration and buoyant energy which very stout people can never experience. ANTIPON can be had of Chemists, Stores, &c., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—THE ANTIPON COMPANY, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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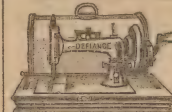
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This is the way Frame-Food built up one baby's health and strength. We have a book we want to send to you, containing a few of the thousands of letters we have received from grateful mothers. With it we send

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These beautiful FURS are well worth

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Description—

These FURS are fully 22 inches long.

Elegantly finished and lined with

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WIVES IN OBLIVION AND WIVES WHO ARE NOT.

EXTREMES MEET.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM THAT SHOULD BE STRUCK.

It is often a matter of great surprise to the world at large how a girl who has been the bright centre of a large circle of friends before matrimony suddenly changes when she marries. She then appears to be wholly wrapped up in her home and her

social pleasures shall be shared by your husband. Do not ever let him feel that it is a matter of indifference to you whether he accompanies you to social gatherings or not. Men are strange, reserved creatures, and many a husband imagining that he is not wanted says nothing, but just quietly hithers realizing in sad silence to himself that his life's dream has failed to come true.

It is, of course, quite impossible for two people who are living constantly together to be always the same. One or other is bound at times to have dull moments, and the wild excitement of the



A Parisian
novelty in ermine,
showing a
toga and stole
with the
tails arranged
in stars,
centred by
jewelled bosses.

husband, and to have no interests outside them. All her old pursuits she utterly abandons, and so far as her friends are concerned she seems to be verging on towards middle age, without enjoying the spring-time of her youth.

On the other hand, there is another type of girl, who regards marriage merely as an excuse for unbounded freedom. After the first flush of devotion to her new home has worn off her one idea seems to be to have a good time. If her husband chooses to follow her in her wild career she raises no objection, but the idea of giving up any social graces which she desires to enjoy in order to be at home when he returns after a hard day's work does not seem to cross her mind.

The mere outsider—the bachelor—is apt sometimes to ask if there is no middle course. He feels himself within measurable distance of falling in love with a girl whose chief charm may be her liveliness and vivacity. He pictures to himself what a pleasure it would be to come home at the end of the day and find her waiting to welcome him—and then he looks round and considers. On the one hand he sees the wife of some friend who used to be bright and vivacious changed into an uninteresting middle-aged woman, and on the other the girl who does not think of home at all.

To Keep Love Fresh.

What, then, is the remedy? It is very obvious. To the girl whose home is apt to become her cell I say don't give up your interests. When a girl marries there is no reason whatever why she should abandon the friends and interests that she has treasured in her earlier years. The idea that because she has the cares of a house upon her shoulders she should devote herself to it entirely is absolutely contrary to the idea of modern marriage. There is nothing that tends to keep love fresh between young married people so much as a community of interests. If a man finds that the only topic on which his wife is really interested is the problem of servants, he will very soon find excuses for not coming home every evening.

And now for those who are apt to put their pleasure first, and to forget that marriage implies something more than a mere pursuit of enjoyment. As I have said before, there is no reason at all why a girl when she marries should give up her delight in society. By all means enjoy life while you are young, and keep young as long as you can, but it is quite easy to arrange that your

period of engagement when everything, however trivial, is seen in a rosy light of romance, cannot possibly be permanent and everlasting.



No. 699.—Useful tunic for a little boy, suitable for the utilization of a sale remnant. Flat paper pattern, 6d.; or laced up, including fat, 1s. 3d. Apply to the Managers, Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, D.M., 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, E.C., sending postal orders as payment, and mentioning the number of the pattern required.

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JANUARY

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Send 2/6 with order. Pay 2/6 on receipt and 4s. monthly. DIAL MOND and RUBY RING 15-carat Gold, Government Hall-marked. Watches and Jewellery of every description. Easy Terms. See Ring Cards and Illustrated List post free.—Write (Dept. 635), A. THOMAS, 317 & 318, Upper Street, Islington, London, N.

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